THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

June, 1805.

MRS. DACRE.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

MRS. DACRE is the Lady, we understand, known to the public by various poetical effusions under the Signature of *Rosa Matilda;* and lately by a Novel, called, *Confessions of the Nun of St. Omers.*

ON SOLITARY REFLECTION.

BY silent solitary reflection we exercise and strengthen all the powers of the mind. The many obstacles which render it difficult to pursue our path, disperse and retire, and we return to a busy social life with more cheerfulness and content. The sphere of our understanding becomes enlarged by reflection; we have learned to survey more objects, and to bind them intellectually together; we carry a clearer sight, a juster judgment, and firmer principles, with us into the world in which we are to live and act; and are then more able, even in the midst of all its distractions, to preserve our attention, to think with accuracy, to determine with judgment, in a degree proportioned to the preparations we have made in the hour of retirement. A.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXXII.

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THERE is something so exhilirating in the idea of SPRING, that, old as I am, I contemplate its return with delight, and feel its benign influence on my heart. Far, indeed, must that person be sunk in apathy, who receives no gratification from the revival of nature; and tasteless must he be, that beholds with indifference the opening vernal scene. If life is to be measured by a capacity for enjoyment, I am thankful to Providence, that in some respects I am still young; for I can still, with all the enthusiasm of a devotee, join in the invocation and description of the poet:

Come, beauteous SPRING! come hasten with thy train;
The Loves and Graces wait upon thy reign!
The fairest flowers that early nature yields,
And rife ſpontaneous in the fertile fields,
Or grace the banks of pure meand'ring rills,
Or love the ſunſhine on the sloping hills,
With richest gems thy regal crown supply,
While robes of verdure mock the *Tyrian* dye.
For thee again the birds resume their song,
Raise their loud notes, and the glad strains prolong;
Their soft descant they teach the neighbouring groves,
And every shade bears witness to their loves.
Nor these alone; through wide creation's space,
From the low insect, to the human race,
All hail thy influence, bless thy friendly power,
Thou sweet enliv'ner of life's gloomy hour!
While aromatic plants perfume the air,
And flowers and shrubs are deck'd supremely fair;
As o'er their heads the balmy zephyrs play,
And gently fan them all the live-long day,
The sons of age feel happier scenes return;
With joys renew'd, and fresh emotions burn;
Shake off the languor of oppressive years,
And gain a respite from obtruding fears.

But it would be endless to quote the compliments of the votaries of the Muses to the goddess SPRING; and

and surely it is unnecessary to labor to excite feelings in her favor, which, to be genuine, must thrill in every pulsation of the heart. Yet, when I see the slaves of Fashion lingering round her noisy haunts, and preferring artificial sounds to the "music of the spray;" while I see them admiring fantastic decoration, neglectful of the charms of nature; I feel the mingled sensations of pity and regret; and if my voice could be heard, I would rouse them from the misery of their pursuits, and call them to flowery vales, and murmuring streams; to the contemplation of beauties which reach the heart of sensibility; and to the practice of virtues, and the taste of enjoyments, which the season and the scene are calculated to inspire. I would tell them, that, in their eager pursuit of a shadow, they are losing the substance; and that, whatever charms the crowded city, and the routine of amusement, may be thought to possess, during the brumal months, both health and pleasure invite to the country, as soon as the swallow begins to twitter, and the nightingale to run through her varied modulations of minstrelsy.

But should health and pleasure be disregarded, I have another plea, which the younger part of my sex will probably listen to. It is constantly found, that the close and corrupted air of cities, more especially in places of public concourse, blanch the roseate cheek of beauty, and bring on premature wrinkles, unless there is an alternation of rural retirement with public bustle. A person of the least discrimination can tell, at first sight, by the bloom or the paleness of the complexion, whether the party is a general inhabitant of the town or the country. Those, indeed, who have it not in their power to quit the former, are to be pitied, and not blamed. It is not to such that I address myself; it is solely to those who make the Metropolis their occasional residence, and who linger there, after the motives which called them there, at first innocent, and perhaps commen-

dable, by a change of circumstances, become inexcusable.

In London, families which are probably of some consequence in the country, are lost to the community and to themselves. Their connections, their immediate dependants, are sighing for their return, in order to enjoy the happiness of their society, or the benefits of their support and encouragement; while they themselves are squandering away in tasteless amusements, or dissipated pleasures, those resources that would gladden the heart of the peasant, and assist in diffusing comfort over the dwelling of the industrious tradesman and artizan. Would the sons and daughters of Fashion consider this, they would never suffer themselves to be drawn into the vortex: they would just take a taste of her pleasures, and retire before the force of habit became too strong to be resisted, and the fascinations of example took away the powers of reflection.

But it is not only by devoting too large a portion of the year to cities, that the great and opulent are destructive to their own happiness, and to the welfare of those who reside in the vicinity of their country seats; they deserve additional censure, from throwing away a great part of the remainder of their time, in frequenting watering and sea-bathing places, where they have seldom any local interest, and which flourish at the expense of other towns and villages, undignified with a name for Fashion, and distant from her influence. By these means, habits of frivolity and dissipation become predominant among the higher classes; and the young, in particular, after being accustomed to run the giddy round of diversion for two or three seasons, feel themselves unhappy, if they are debarred from their usual pursuits, and actually become disqualified for relishing the calm pleasures of domestic life, and totally unfit for the performance of its duties.

At

At an early period of life, a taste may be acquired for any thing; and therefore it is incumbent on parents and instructors, to direct those under their care, with a sedulous attention, in the path of wisdom and rectitude. If youth are indulged in every vain wish, and gratified with the sight of every ridiculous exhibition; if they are not taught to entertain sober notions, and to be satisfied with unexpensive pleasures, as they grow up, they will be a burden to themselves, and the torment of their connections. Rural objects and amusements, always please those who have a natural taste: it is false refinement that gives a charm to what is artificial and costly. It was my business, when I had my offspring round me, to direct their attention to what I call simple enjoyments. I gave them a taste for marking the opening flower, for listening to the first notes of birds, for tracing the progress of vegetation; and I had the satisfaction to find, that such objects and pursuits imparted more genuine pleasure to their hearts, than was ever enjoyed at balls, concerts, or plays. Not but that they may be frequented in their turn: I am only averse to their being made the business of life. We have all duties to perform, as well as amusements to pursue: the former should be ever uppermost in our thoughts; the latter should never interfere with what we owe to God, our neighbour, or ourselves. With these limitations, we may feel ourselves safe in any situation: if we neglect them, whatever the world may call us, or think of us, we can never know felicity!

THE HAPPY COTTAGER.

A MORAL TALE.

IT seems surprising that mankind should be so infatuated, as to suppose that happiness is confined to the splendid abodes of the great; whereas there is generally more contentment in the virtuous habitations of the humble poor. It must be allowed, that in the present day, we are very much degenerated from the simplicity of our forefathers. Refinement has unhappily enervated the finest sentiments of the soul, and we despise rustic simplicity. The spirit of monopoly has reduced the peasant to a degree of poverty unknown to past ages. Luxury and ambition have so wonderfully triumphed over mankind, that virtue, humility, and contentment, are almost banished from the earth. Few instances, therefore, now occur, of innocence united with contentment in the lower classes of society. Before our manners were so much degenerated, there resided a happy peasant in the west of England, whose name was John Yendle, known to the inhabitants of the village, as the Happy Cottager. He was accustomed to work for the clergyman of the parish, and was at all times attentive to his labour. Having a large family to support, he was very industrious. With the plainest diet he was contented, and went cheerfully to his work, early and late. Nor did he neglect the worship of his Creator, but went regulary to his parish-church. He heard with attention the lessons of instruction from his master, and thought it right to practise them. Having a daughter, whose name was Fanny, he did all in his power to instil into her mind virtuous sentiments, as she was growing to years of maturity. He was afraid lest she should be ensnared by the insinuations of the artful seducer, especially by the young 'Squire of the parish. He therefore watched

watched over her morals with constant care, and desired her mother to be as vigilant as himself. "If she should be ruined, (said he,) my grey hairs will be brought down with sorrow to the grave. May Heaven protect my Fanny from evil, and make her a blessing to mankind." Thus he ardently prayed for the welfare of his daughter, before she was engaged in the busy pursuits of life. Finding her alone, one day, he thus addressed her. "Fanny, you are now come to an age, in which I am much concerned for your welfare. You little consider the danger to which you are exposed. Man is an artful creature: he can transform himself into an angel of light, in order to effect his vile purposes. Beware, my dear daughter, of his smooth tongue. He speaks only to deceive. If in affluence, he is the more to be guarded against, as he has more ability to do hurt."

Fanny listened to her father with the greatest attention, and promised to observe his injunctions with circumspection. It was not long before her virtue was tried; for the young 'Squire in the neighbourhood, soon cast lascivious eyes on the Beauty of the Village of Elworthy. He tried every method to deceive her; but every attempt to ensnare her proved abortive. Gold, the corruptor of innocence, had no effect on her humble mind. Nor could the grandeur of a palace operate as a temptation sufficient to overcome her virtue. Thus we may perceive that good instruction, enforced by example, is an antidote against vice in all its appearances.

Fanny went out to service to the house of a neighbouring farmer, knowing that honest industry is to be preferred to splendid indolence. She acquired confidence and esteem in the family, and was very much respected. By her prudent behaviour, she was a comfort to her parents, who were thankful that their exertions for her good had not been in vain. John was desirous that his daughter should marry a man of integrity, rather than of property; nor was

he disappointed. Thomas Seymour, a farmer's son, was very much enamoured of Fanny Yendle, and by degrees gained her affection. She felt, for the first time, the force of love. Her father perceived an alteration in her looks, and obtained from her, the cause of it. Meeting with the father of Thomas Seymour, he thus addressed him. "My daughter," said he, "is at present unhappy, and I am afraid that she has misplaced her affections, for it is presumption to think of an alliance with your son." The father of Thomas was not at all surprised at the intelligence; but was pleased, as he thought the union very desirable. "Your daughter, John," said he, "is possessed of the best dowry. She is industrious, which is absolutely necessary for a farmer's wife. She is meek and modest, which are qualities superior to the Indies. She is virtuous; and therefore possessed of dispositions more excellent than rubies. I hope, therefore, that happiness will be the consequence of the union. Nothing on my part shall be wanting to promote it." The intended marriage was consummated with rural simplicity; and the parish bells announced the pleasing intelligence to the neighbourhood. "Fanny Yendle is married!" reverberated from house to house, and the father received unspeakable satisfaction. His other children were brought up in the habits of industry, and gave the pleasing proof that his instruction and example had not been in vain. Thus we may perceive that happiness is not confined to the great; but is rather the portion of the humble and pious poor, who live happy on earth, and expect a better inheritance.

Chichester,
May 9th, 1805. T. M.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT
FROM THE WILL OF AN OLD BACHELOR,
WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF 87.

LOVE, hope, and even fear, ought by turns to agitate the human breast, to prevent our days from passing over in an insipid uniformity. It is to escape this insipidity, so insupportable to man, that he employs himself in a thousand trifles, a thousand follies: one plays at chess, another builds houses: one learns to warble like the birds, another to decypher music. This man learns to cultivate flowers, the other to write books, &c.

These various means of escaping *ennui*, had nothing in them to captivate my fancy. In examining the different interests which arose in my view, I found that which alone had power to attach me to life, and make it valuable, were the extatic ties of husband and father: celibacy never made a part in my schemes of happiness; I loved in good earnest: my vows were always sincere and honourable, as I only aspired to become a good husband, and a good father of a family. I have been in love seven times—Is not that enough? and is it not unfortunate that I have not found a wife? Ah! my friend—my first affections alone have power to make my tears flow! A gentle, innocent girl, who was to me most truly a first love, and who returned my passion as tenderly—Death snatched her from me, and I was near following her to the grave. Never shall I forget that amiable creature!

After some years of grief and indifference, a very pretty fair one animated my heart: I exerted all my assiduities with kindness—she blushed, and cast down her eyes with a thoughtful air. This is she who is to be the companion of my life, thought I, with transport, and I disclosed to her my passion. She interrupted my first words, by assuring me of her tender friendship,

friendship, of which she was about to give me a proof. She then told me, in confidence, that she had for a long time been strongly attached to a young man, and never would marry any other than him. In thus renouncing my tender and pretty fair one, I did not renounce the hope of being one day happy in marriage. I offered my vows to a third; a young lady, who was beautiful as an angel; she received my declaration with expressions of esteem, but she received them as the homage due to her charms. Amelia (for that was her name) was proud of her beauty and wit, and only thought of multiplying her conquests; considering it beneath her to sacrifice those to the happiness of one man only. When I merely talked of love, she willingly heard me; but when I pronounced the word marriage, I was repulsed. I left her, and went home much mortified by her refusal; but as I had been more dazzled by her charms, than touched by her character, I felt more resentment than grief.

Nothing is more suffocating than anger and vexation; I opened my window to get air, and my eyes were mechanically cast upon the street. In that moment, a young brunette, neat and smart, crossed it: I recollected to have seen her before, but she had never drawn my attention: the general elegance of her air struck me; and, as a flash of lightning, it occurred to my mind, to avenge myself on the haughty Amelia, by paying my court to this young person. This suggestion quickly ripened into a settled project, and, as usual, was combined with the idea of marriage, which still more embellished in my eyes the object of my new flame. I found means to introduce myself at her house; I followed her with assiduity; I suffered no opportunity to escape to make known my sentiments, which she appeared well inclined to return, when suddenly her parents said to me, "That my frequent visits to their house did them much honor; that they begged

I would

I would continue them, and remain always a friend to the family; but that they believed they ought to apprise me, that their daughter had been long before promised to a very rich man of the next town; that his arrival was expected; and they besought me as a friend, not to offer him any offence." My young friend gave me to understand, that she would have preferred me; but that she must obey. He was handsome, he was amiable, and I soon perceived that my young brunette obeyed without reluctance.

You may easily imagine, that I became timid and suspicious after all these disappointments; hardly dare I look at a woman, lest I should become enamoured; but the disease quickly banished my fears. I became again in love, and this time I was very seriously so. I loved with passion, but with such diffidence, such an apprehension of not succeeding, that I dared not to avow my sentiments to her who had inspired them. I regularly passed before her windows three times a day; and when she appeared, I bowed with the most tender and respectful air, almost touching the ground with my hat. During some days, she appeared there more frequently; and I even remarked, that when she saw me at a distance, she fixed herself in her balcony, and answered my salutations with a sweet smile. I was overwhelmed with joy, and employed my thoughts on the means of making myself known to her, when one day that I passed, as usual, before her house, and was walking slowly to prolong the pleasure of being near her, I heard her burst into a fit of laughter, and say, "Come, I pray you, my dear friend, come and look at this cringing fellow! he is of all beings on earth the most ridiculous." A young man approached her, and passing his arm round her waist, laughed heartily with her, as their eyes followed me.

I withdrew

I withdrew much quicker than I went, and soon learned that the young man had become her husband two days before. This melancholy adventure, which ought to have humbled me, on the contrary, suddenly renewed my courage. I resolved to be no longer the dupe of my own feelings, and to marry, cost what it would. I went into an assembly of young persons, and addressing myself to her who pleased me the most, I asked to speak to her apart; she granted my request, and the next day I went to her house. "Are you at liberty?" said I entering. "Yes," answered she, "absolutely free." "Will you accept my heart and hand?" "Both," said she, smiling, and extending hers. From that moment I considered myself married; but this engagement so suddenly formed, was as suddenly dissolved. It would be too tedious to inform you of the particular circumstances: happily, before the ceremony, I perceived . . . . . In short, she was unfaithful; and God be praised she was not yet my wife. It requires much precaution, thought I; one ought to study a long time, and with much attention, the woman who is to be one's companion.—Try once more. I then made a seventh choice, which was more wise and reasonable; a charming young girl, well educated, and who had never been in love.

This time no one could accuse me of too much precipitation; I carefully watched all her steps, all her actions, all her intentions, without making any declaration. I hoped incessantly—I was as yet only in the fourth year of vigilance and observation, when in the moment I least expected, she was carried off by a young man who knew her only four days. This shall be my last trial, said I; I can no more resolve to begin new amours. I still love the ladies; but this sentiment is accompanied by such timidity, that I cannot again venture to speak to them.

OBSERVATIONS

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ON THE EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE OF THE

LAKE OF GENEVA.

THOUGH the celebrated Sterne, in his Sentimental Journey, has thought proper to distinguish the various species of Travellers under ten different heads, he has not introduced the *Philosophical Traveller*, who, from the wish of making observations, or acquiring improvements, visits foreign lands. The Inquisitive Traveller certainly does not come under this description; for *curiosity*, and *inquisitiveness*, are as opposite as day and night: the one is produced by a frivolity of intellect; whilst the other may be considered as the main spring of the mind.

Neither curiosity or improvement, however, were the sole motives which induced me to peregrinate into a foreign country: a sister, much older than myself, had married a Genevan gentleman, whom I had not seen for upwards of thirteen years. Oppressive tyranny, I knew, had destroyed the independence of that once happy country; the very character of the people I expected to see changed; but their mountains, and lakes, preserved their pristine beauty; though Devastation's iron hand was imprinted upon their villages and plains.

By application and interest, I at length obtained a passport, and arrived in Helvetia on the 14th day of June, animated with delight at the prospect of embracing a sister, whose affectionate conduct had made an indelible impression upon my mind. This amiable young woman had supplied the place of a parent to me, as I had the misfortune to lose mine a few hours after my birth: I therefore felt something more towards her than fraternal tenderness, for the sentiment of gratitude was blended with regard.

How vain are the prospects of sublunary felicity! How transitory are our pleasures! how unstable our delights! With transport inexpressible I landed upon the Genevan territory, without one presaging thought spreading a gloom over my mind. Eager to behold an object from whom for thirteen years I had been separated, without taking any refreshment, I ordered a carriage to convey me to Mr. S——'s country-house, where I was directed by a letter I had received from my Emily a few weeks before I had quitted town.

Evening had began to spread her mantle over the horizon, yet not so completely as to conceal the beauties of the country through which I passed; and the moon's refulgent beams playing upon the Lake beneath me, inspired sensations which the power of language never can describe. Never had my feelings been so completely harmonized; I felt in perfect unity with all mankind. I anticipated a thousand pleasures from witnessing the conjugal felicity which the object of my affection had so often informed me she enjoyed. In this frame of mind I was, when the carriage stopped at the house of my brother-in-law. The door was opened by a servant who had been in England with Mr. S——. "Your mistress expects me, Hyllus," said I, at the same time springing from the carriage. "My *poor mistress*," was all he answered, with an expressive shake of the head.

The tone of his voice petrified me with astonishment; a requiem was never more plaintive or sad: it conveyed to my peace, a wound of the severest nature; it convinced me in a moment, that my Emily was dead! The loss of a sister so beloved, would at any time have afflicted me; but the illusive delights I had been anticipating, rendered it doubly severe; I felt as if stripped in one moment of all earthly gratifications, and as if I never was to taste of happiness again.

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The meeting between myself and the widowed husband was such as every man must anticipate, if endowed with the least sensibility of mind: never was sorrow more sincere than that he testified; and never was grief, and disappointment, more deeply felt than mine. Time, however, that soothing solacer of affliction, diminished the poignancy of our distress: a philosophical turn of mind proved an antidote to the indulgence of melancholy, and the picturesque beauty of the country was an inexhaustible source of delight. But, to describe views which have been already described by others, and to pourtray scenery which a variety of authors have painted with the happiest effect, would afford but little entertainment.

The situation of Geneva is known to every Englishman, who is either a man of reading or taste; but the philosophical mind finds a source of amusement in observing the variety of extraordinary circumstances which are attached to the Lake.

The Lake of Geneva forms the figure of a crescent; it is situated between Mount Jura and the Alps; and the water is more completely limpid than any I ever beheld. We sounded it near Roole, and, to our astonishment, discovered it to be five hundred fathoms deep; and the current, which visibly agitates this beautiful bed of water, is supposed to be occasioned by its intermixture with the Rhone, which pours its turbid stream into one point of the Crescent, and issues out at the other, as pellucid as a piece of glass. Many of the curious assert, that the water of the Rhone may be distinguished from that which belongs to the Lake; but this appears a mere assertion, founded upon prejudice, rather than truth. The water in the Lake begins to increase about the beginning of February, and continues to do so until the latter end of July; and what appears most extraordinary, it is higher in the summer than the winter, by twelve or fifteen feet. About this increase of

the water, there are also different opinions; but it is evident, that it is occasioned by the melting of the mountainous snow and ice, which remains a callous substance until reduced to a liquid by the sun's dissolving heat. Another reason assigned for the body of water appearing augmented at a season of the year when that element is generally decreased, is, that a variety of herbs shoot from the bottom, and, by their expanding power, force up the stream, which dying as the winter approaches, it of course is reduced to its natural height.

In that part of the Lake which is opposite the city, are two immense bodies of flint, the largest of which they call the *Nitor*, and it is supposed to have been an altar, dedicated to the God of the Sea; seven or eight persons can sit upon this consecrated pyramid; and many instruments have been found near it, which, it is believed, the priests used in their sacred rites. The appearance of the water in calm and serene weather, in different parts of the Lake, puts on a different hue. Some are of opinion that this variety is produced by a stream of wind passing through the bottom; whilst others assert, that it is occasioned by the reflection of the mountains by which it is inclosed.

After the Rhone enters into the Lake, it appears to lose that impetuosity for which it is so generally known, but seems again to regain it as it approaches nearer the town, which is naturally accounted for, from the bed becoming narrower, and by that means increasing the rapidity of its course. I was informed by a gentleman, on whose veracity I could place implicit confidence, that in the year 1560, a most extraordinary circumstance occurred; a south-west wind blew with such unexampled violence, as to make the waters of the Rhone recoil into the Lake; and so completely dry was the bed of that river in those parts where the stream of air was directed,

that

that persons actually walked across it for the space of an hour.

This beautiful bed of water abounds with different sorts of fish, which actually seem to cantonize themselves. Pike and perch are found immense in size and number, but, what is very singular, in totally distinct parts. Trout are likewise to be met with in very great perfection, but only within the current of the Rhone; and it is no uncommon circumstance to find them weigh fifty pounds; at Geneva, eighteen ounces go to the pound.

If these observations should be thought worthy a place in the Lady's Museum, I shall take the liberty of sending some farther intelligence at a future period.

HENRY HARTLEY.

ON PERSEVERANCE.

ALL the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke with the pick-axe, or of one impression of a spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed with the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance, that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason, and their spirit, the power of persisting in their purposes; acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter; and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks. J.

On the Disadvantages which arise from the Indulgence of

FAMILY PRIDE.

THE dissatisfied part of mankind are continually murmuring against fortune, and repining under evils which they frequently bring upon themselves; whilst those whose situation in life renders them real objects of commiseration, generally confine their sorrows within the boundary of their own breasts.

To be dissatisfied with that lot which Providence has thought fit to ordain us, is to prove that we possess great weakness of mind; and to make our own misfortunes the subject of conversation, is to convince the world that our feelings are by no means refined. Still, if, by repeating them for the purpose of warning others against the rock we split upon, is the sole motive for proclaiming them to the world, society then becomes obliged by communication, and the publisher displays a native goodness of heart.

Poverty can never bring disgrace upon its possessor, unless extravagance was the author of its birth; but when pride becomes its concomitant, how many additional pangs does it inflict upon the heart! Caledonia has, with great justice, been considered as a region where the pride of birth has been carried to an alarming height; it is there that utility is sacrificed to false dignity; and, to support the pomp of ancestry, they would forego all the conveniences of life!

Of my country I am proud; though I lament the weakness of its prejudices; for to those do I ascribe the inconveniences I have been destined to endure; and I conceive that, by describing the misfortunes under which I have laboured, I may do an essential service to the world.

To say that my name is Mac Donald, is sufficient to convince my readers that the noble blood of a dis-

distinguished family flows in my veins; but a passion for gaming had so completely involved my grandfather, that when his son came to the possession of his family castle, little more than its walls remained; or, in other words, though the estate had once been considered princely, my father's fortune did not amount to five hundred a year.

Unfortunately I was the younger of thirteen children, eight of whom were girls, and five boys: the latter, unfortunately, were actually taught from infancy, to despise those who were embarked either in a profession or a trade. So vain was my ill-judging parent of his family, that he fancied an alliance with his children would anxiously be sought; believing the want of wealth would amply be compensated for by the more valuable possession of noble blood.

So completely are we the creatures of habit, that the impressions made upon us in childhood are scarcely ever effaced; and I had been taught to consider myself a person of too much consequence, ever to be capable of committing an action by which my family could be disgraced. My father was a man of literature; and my mind had been cultivated in a high degree, and my time was occupied in the improvement of my understanding, until I had reached the age of nineteen.

The Duke of Athol had stood godfather to my elder and second brother; to the latter he had given a commission in one of the Highland corps; for the heir of the family was a person of too much importance to be suffered to quit the parental roof. To the other two, who were twins, nature had not been bountiful; imbecillity had marked both their persons and minds; whilst, by the robustness of my form, and the energetic powers of my mental faculties, I seemed to have been blessed with those powers of exertion which to my brothers were denied.

Sensible,

Sensible, as I was, of the advantage I had above them, and knowing that poverty must be my lot, unless I exerted those abilities with which I was blest, yet that unconquerable pride which had been instilled into my breast from infancy, made me think every species of employment a disgrace. The time, however, was to arrive, when I should feel my own folly, and be sensible that abilities were not given us for the purpose of being concealed. Chance threw me into the society of a young lady, whose charms made an immediate impression upon my heart.

Emily Gordon was one of those superior order of beings, whom, to be seen, must instantly be admired; every faculty of my soul seemed attracted by her personal and mental excellencies, and imperceptibly I acknowledged the superiority of her charms. Her father, who was a military man, and of no inferior family, possessed an understanding of the most elevated kind: he soon perceived our mutual partiality, and, with a true gentlemanlike delicacy, informed me, that Emily could never become my wife.

"Could I, (said he,) Mr. Mac Donald, give my daughter a good fortune, you are the man, of all others, on whom it should be bestowed: or, had you made choice of a profession by which she could have been supported, gladly would I have acknowledged you for my son-in-law: but should I, let me ask, be fulfilling the duty of a parent, was I to sanction an alliance which must involve her in distress? The little fortune I can give her, will afford a mere temporary subsistence; and I might live to see my Emily, and her helpless children, wanting a piece of bread."

Too plainly did I feel the force of these observations, to be villain enough to press my suit; but a short time after this interesting conversation, Colonel Gordon was taken alarmingly ill. Though no interested motive tempted me to inquire after him, yet

yet I could not resist the wish I felt of evincing my concern: he received me with that warmth of kindness and hospitality, which convinced me I had inspired him with friendship and regard. The complaint, which at first seemed likely to prove fatal to his existence in a very short period of time, was converted into a chronical disease, and five years elapsed before it terminated a life which had been spent in promoting the happiness of mankind. Affection for the daughter, would have inspired attention to the father, had I not felt for Colonel Gordon the highest respect and esteem; but, independent of all interested motives, I entertained for this worthy man the sincerest regard. Finding his end approaching, he no longer opposed our marriage: we were united in his presence a few days before he died; and never was man more completely blessed in a companion, for I possess a perfect angel in a wife.

Notwithstanding the rich treasure which Heaven has bestowed upon me, many are the miserable hours which I pass. With my Emily's small fortune, I purchased a joint annuity, and farm about an hundred acres of land. Life, alas! is an uncertain possession; mine, though apparently good, may be snatched suddenly away; and not having been bred to a profession, what provision for my little rising family can I make? Frequently, when caressed by these darling pledges of affection, the thought of leaving them unprovided for, checks the delights which they inspire; and I am obliged to hurry out of the apartment, to prevent their dear mother from beholding the anguish of my heart.

From my father, who is still living, I have not the slightest expectation; for, though, by rigid œconomy, he contrived to live within his income, yet for my unmarried sisters he must provide. My twin-brothers a maternal uncle has humanely rendered independent, whom I offended by not making the lady he had selected for me, my wife.

If

If Heaven, in its mercy, spares but my existence, I will teach my boys, by their own industry, to make themselves independent of the world; from me shall they learn, that noble blood is only advantageous, when it makes us above committing a mean action, and inspires purity of heart.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

OF all the failings incident to human nature, that of an overpowering habit of indolence, is, perhaps, one of the most to be deplored; and it is impossible to read Mr. Wilkins's simple recital, in the Lady's Museum, without lamenting that so good a *father* should have so ungrateful a son.

That vice is of a more dangerous tendency than error, no creature, with common sense, will attempt to deny; yet the effects of the one are frequently more lasting than the other; and, in the end, become no less prejudicial to the mind. The impetuous passions of youth too often betray their possessors into the commission of actions, which their cooler reason condemns; yet the sensations produced by remorse are so thoroughly distressing, that they in future avoid the rock on which their little bark had been so nearly wrecked.

When nature has bountifully granted a luxuriant harvest, how unpardonable is the indolence of that husbandman, who will not be at the pains of gathering it into his barn! and where a rich store of intellectual treasures is bestowed upon an individual, is he not in gratitude bound to convert them to some beneficial use? But when apathy of feeling is combined with want of filial affection, there is no stimulus to call forth the powers of the mind; energy becomes warped by habitual *indifference;* and the very spirit of manhood seems gradually to subside.

Gratitude

Gratitude is a sentiment which nature kindly implanted for the wisest and most beneficial ends; and the parental claim is of that binding nature, which none but the unfeeling, or unprincipled, can forget. That son who pays no attention to the remonstrances of an indulgent father, must have *seared* (if I may be allowed the expression) every tender feeling of his mind; but when the precepts of parental anxiety are converted into ridicule, the heart itself must be in a corrupted state.

The young man to whom I allude, appears to have read Zimmerman with the same intention as atheists peruse the *sacred Book*, merely for the purpose of cavilling at those parts which are not clearly elucidated, or converting them into some improper use. If the duty due to such a parent is incapable of influencing his conduct, and if the dependance which his family places upon his future exertions, are incapable of making an impression upon his mind, how can a stranger hope to urge him to a proper mode of conduct by the power of persuasion, or the uninvited admonitions of advice? A time, however, will arrive, when this apathetic being will be made sensibly to feel the force of his crimes; for a softer term I cannot give to those omissions which will be the means of embittering, or perhaps destroying, a father's life! To supply this unfeeling young man with the means of supporting an aged mother, and her offspring, that too partial a father has deprived himself and them, of the common comforts of life; yet, instead of gratitude warming his heart for this misplaced indulgence, he seems to ridicule those misfortunes his own follies must insure!

The heart which is a stranger to the power of filial duty, can scarcely be expected to glow with fraternal regard; yet the idea of his amiable sisters being turned destitute upon society, must surely make some impression upon a mind that is not totally lost.

P. M.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

IN the last Number of your useful and entertaining Publication, (of which I am a constant reader,) I was struck with *Reclusina's* "Thoughts (I think I may stile them erroneous Thoughts) on the present rage for learning." In reply to which, it is my intention chiefly to confine myself to that part which relates to Charity Schools, and, as far as I am capable, to use *argument*, not *satire*. For it may be justly observed, abuse of your opponent is no proof; nor will it convince any one; besides, I have no doubt that *Reclusina's* motive for attacking the present "*Rage* for Learning" (as she sarcastically stiles it) is as good as mine for defending it.

She begins with saying, "St. Paul was told, too much learning had made him mad." Now there is, I apprehend, a great difference between *too much* learning, and *none at all*. Besides, let us consider, that observation was made to St. Paul by an heathen governor, who, because he did not comprehend the beautiful Doctrine of the Gospel, or the Wonders of Redemption, called the preacher of it mad. But, as I before observed, abuse is no argument. Festus did not confute the excellent reasoning of St. Paul, by calling him a madman; on the contrary, that Apostle returned such a respectful, humble, and at the same time, such a dignified, rational and sensible answer, as might have convinced Festus, and all who were present, that he was neither *wise* in his *own* conceit, nor did he deserve to be esteemed a *madman* in that of *others*. *Reclusina* next informs us, that "Mr. Howell, in one of his excellent Letters to Lord D——, in 1647, seems to think, that the world was at that period too learned for the happiness of its inhabitants; and that the public Charities then erected, were doing more hurt than good." She then goes

on to remark to this effect: That the charity schools established in most of the country villages throughout the kingdom, are calculated to inflame the minds of the common people, and raise them so far above their proper sphere, as to prevent their performing those duties so peculiarly adapted to that station of life which Providence has allotted them to fill.

To which I reply, that there is no invention, no comfort, no institution, (however laudable,) contrived by human wit, and carried into execution by human exertions, but may be perverted to the most infamous uses. It is not *learning*, but *want* of *more* learning, that will tend to puff up the minds of the lower ranks of people.

It was wisely observed, that "a *little* learning is a dangerous thing." When some one in the presence of Socrates observed, that he was a man remarkable for his learning and knowledge, that Philosopher replied, that "the only thing that he knew was, that he knew he knew nothing." In Scotland it is reckoned a disgrace to any parent, however poor, if his children are unable to read. And in England, if every one, if *more*, were blessed with learning, instead of *fewer*, (as *Reclusina* insinuates would be best,) the singularity of a well-educated peasant would vanish. Nor could one poor man think himself superior to another, because he could read or write; consequently, every one would continue in his present sphere of life; nor be discontented, because he could not rise above it. The ploughman would then cheerfully and industriously pursue his labour during the day, and at night could entertain his family round his happy fire-side, by reading one of those excellent pamphlets written by Miss Hannah More, purposely for the amusement and instruction of the poor; or by reading some historical part of the Bible. Why should we wish to deny our fellow-creatures those blessings, of which we ourselves so well know how to appreciate the value?

Reclusina seems greatly to fear, that the present gigantic growth of learning may tend to promote insubordination, forgeries, and (she even ventures to hint) libertinism and immorality. And how is this terrible evil to be effected? She informs us, "by raising the daughters of our yeomen above their dairies; by increasing the mantua-makers in every parish to such a degree, that the lowest servant is dressed as much in style as a lady of fortune. The consequence is, a poor man dares not marry a girl with a turban'd head or a habit-shirt; things which his conscience tells him he cannot afford. What is to be done? She falls a sacrifice to the first libertine she allures by the indecency and incongruity of her appearance, and consequently ends her days in a vicious course of life, which, had she been brought up to the good old way of spinning, she might have avoided; and experienced happiness with some plain honest man, and ended her days in peace."

Mr. Editor, I am the son of a country clergyman, and though no proficient in, am a lover of, literature. In my father's parish there is a charity-school for girls, but none for boys. I may, therefore, (though young,) presume to form some idea of the advantages and disadvantages arising from such institutions. The *girls*, dressed neatly and cleanly, but not gaudily, constantly attend divine service, and, for the most part, behave well when there. The *boys*, on the contrary, seldom attend any place of worship; but either spend their time in the idle and cruel diversion of destroying birds' nests, and in robbing orchards, or in frequenting the nearest alehouse, from whence they return intoxicated, and unfit for pursuing their labour the next day with proper vigour. From this it is evident, that charity schools prevent not only *moral*, but also *physical* evils. Or, if ever these youths may happen to attend divine service, (which they sometimes do, for the sake of meeting their *sweethearts*,) their behaviour is such,

as to disturb the quiet of all those whose unfortunate lot it is to sit near them.

I must beg leave to observe, that *Reclusina*'s remark, respecting learning tending to raise the peasant above his sphere in life, is very old and trite, and in the mouth of every one who, either from avarice or luke-warmness, withholds his pecuniary assistance from such laudable institutions. But I believe she may *justly* claim the *originality* of the last-quoted remarks: For never did I hear it observed, (amongst all other arguments against learning or charity-schools,) that they increased the number of 'turban'd heads, or wearers of habit-shirts," or that they rendered young females more easy of seduction. In my humble opinion, if any thing is calculated to render servants too independant of their mistresses, or the poor of the rich, it is the rage for braiding straw for hats, which is so prevalent now in almost every part of the kingdom.

If, from the ability of reading, the lower class of people have it in their power to read books written with bad principles and designs, at least the most powerful antidote is administered with the poison: they are enabled to read "the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make them wise unto Salvation;" which will teach them to be religious towards their God, loyal to their King, faithful in their conjugal duties, grateful to their benefactors, obedient to their masters, and humble and respectful to all their superiors. They will teach their readers likewise; the *men* to be industrious, sober, and honest; the *women* to be chaste, and obedient to their husbands: "to adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works." They teach young women also, "not to be busy bodies, idle tattlers, speaking things which they ought not; but

to guide the house, and give no occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully."

Learning also enables the poor to read many other useful and instructive books, which it is the wish and endeavour, as far as in their power, of those public charitable societies (against which *Reclusina* seems to throw out some unwarrantable insinuations) to put into their hands.

These, Mr. Editor, are the plain sentiments which I humbly offer to you and the public upon this interesting subject. If they should serve to convince any (however few) of your readers, of the usefulness of learning and charitable institutions, my utmost ambition will be gratified: but if they should fail of that effect, I would not wish your readers to think, that *Reclusina's* arguments cannot be refuted, because I am incapable of answering them.

April, 1805. PHILOMATHES.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE VICISSITUDES OF HUMAN LIFE,

Exemplified by an Historical Anecdote.

FOR the shortness of human life, a variety of comparisons have been suggested; not only by general observers, but by the wisest of * men; yet it would be difficult to find a simile perfectly applicable to the transitions which some characters are destined to undergo.

To behold a good man struggling with adversity, and, as it were, rising superior to the poignancy of its shafts, is allowed to exalt the human character to the most dignified situation which it is possible for it to attain. Courage may enable a man to brave danger; apathy may render him regardless of life; for the heart which is incapable of attachment, feels not the force

* Solomon.

force of Nature's powerful ties. We, doubtless, are not all born with the same disposition and propensities: the same misfortunes are very differently felt; and a character destitute of sensibility, is no more to be admired for bearing them with composure, than the immoveable rock, which the winds of heaven cannot shake. But when we behold a being, born to an elevated station, endowed with feelings of the most lively and susceptible kind, piously submitting to the ordinations of a wise Providence, yet supporting the wants of Nature by the exertions of his own hand; a kind of enthusiastic admiration seizes us, and we can scarcely find words to express the emotions it inspires.

These observations have been excited by the perusal of an anecdote in a French work, entitled, "Letters to Count de B——." The most striking parts of this extraordinary relation I shall accurately extract, for the amusement of my readers this month, merely abridging the circumstances, and by that means rendering the account more acceptable to a periodical work.

Sir Thomas Moyle, a celebrated architect, having been employed to build a large castle in the parish of Eastville, had frequently been struck with the superior language and manners of the master mason who superintended the work. When his mind was not occupied in giving directions to the labourers, he was always intent upon a book, which Sir Thomas at length contrived to obtain a glance of, and, to his astonishment, discovered it to be Virgil's Æneid. This discovery confirmed him in the opinion which he had previously formed; and by those little delicate attentions which excite friendly communication, he at length received from the lips of the mason, the following extraordinary account.

"Until the age of sixteen, I was boarded with a master, whose chief attention was devoted to the im-

provement of my mind; and during that period, I was regularly visited by a gentleman, whose manners were extremely dignified, every three months. As my understanding expanded, the secrecy which was observed towards me, excited a degree of anxiety in my mind; and I expressed to this gentleman, the solicitude I suffered, and begged to be informed whether I was *not* his *son*. His conduct to me certainly was not calculated to give rise to this suspicion, for his attentions were always mingled with a degree of respect, which is not likely to influence the manners of a parent towards the being to whom he had given birth. In the strongest terms of assurance, he denied being my father; acknowledged that a mystery hung over my head, which very soon would be elucidated to my entire satisfaction; but declined telling me more.

"In less than two months, I had the pleasure of seeing my only acquaintance return, for I was kept in a perfect state of captivity; yet, from never having had my liberty, I knew not the gratification which arises from a communication with the world. My heart, however, bounded with satisfaction, when this kind friend informed me, I was to quit my abode, for the purpose of being introduced to a friend of my father's; but that, after the interview, I was to return. Of the nature of distance I could form no accurate idea; to me, it appeared an amazing way; but at length the carriage drove up to a most superb building, and I was conducted through a suite of apartments furnished in the most elegant style.

"After placing a chair for me, in a room magnificently ornamented, my kind conductor took his leave, telling me, my father's friend would soon wait upon me, which he did, before I had time to revolve these extraordinary circumstances in my mind. He approached me with extended arms, and pressed me

to

to his bosom. *Mine* laboured with sensations language never can describe; but, to give a turn to those emotions evidently depictured on my countenance, he began to ask a variety of questions respecting the cultivation of my mind, with that air of tenderness and anxiety, which proved how deep an interest he took in my concerns. The dress of this stranger was truly magnificent. At the close of our conversation, he presented me with a purse, filled with different gold coins, of which I scarcely knew the value; though still sensible that they were of no small degree of worth. Upon this distinguished personage's departure, my conductor made his appearance, and taking my reluctant hand, led me to the coach. Our journey was performed without any explanation; and my mind was tortured with a variety of suggestions, to which this extraordinary interview had given rise.

"A few months after this singular circumstance, the friend of my infancy arrived at an early hour; he brought with him a rich dress, in which I was soon habited, and desired me to ascend a phaeton with six horses, which was standing at the gate. We drove with a rapidity imagination could scarcely conceive possible, and at length arrived at Bosworth Field, and stopped at the tent of my lamented father, who was no less a personage than Richard the Third! 'Behold my son!' said he to the noblemen who surrounded him, at the same time pressing me fondly to his heart; when I instantly recognized the stranger who had excited such singular emotions at our interview a few months before. 'To-morrow, (said he,) my child, I shall fight for my crown and kingdom: if fortune favours the undertaking, both will be *yours;* and if victory crowns my arms, I will openly proclaim you as my adopted heir, though illegitimate son. Should I be vanquished, carefully, I conjure you, conceal the secret of your birth; for

you

you will be surrounded with a set of implacable enemies, who will drink up the last drop of your blood!'

"In vain I conjured him to let me share the fate of battle; on my knees besought him to let me *live* or *die* by his side; but no argument could induce him to comply with my wishes; and again I was intrusted to my conductor's care. 'To your hand, (said he, turning to my companion,) I commit a *sacred* and *important* trust;' presenting me at the same moment with a port-folio, and informing me its contents would prevent me from knowing the miseries of want. 'Go, my son, (continued he;) fulfil your destiny;' at the same time embracing me with tears.

"At this command I remained motionless. My guide led, or rather forced me away; as my father's mind was too much occupied by the dangers which hung over him, to allow any length of time to be devoted even to a son. Early the next morning I was conducted to an eminence, where I had an opportunity of observing the dreadful carnage which ensued; and, shocking to relate, in the midst of the slaughter, I beheld the author of my existence fall. A sudden faintness overspread my faculties; my knees trembled; my eyes became dim; and casting an agonized look towards my protector, I fell senseless to the ground. How long I remained in this situation is uncertain. Upon recovering my recollection, I looked in vain for my friend; for, regardless of the sacred promise he had given to my father, he had sought his own safety in flight. This was not all; for he had secured the port-folio, and left me as destitute of the means of supporting existence, as a child newly born. I knew not even the spot where my infancy had been nurtured, and had not a single friend in the world!

"My father's troops were flying in every direction. Conceive, if possible, the wretched state to which

which I was reduced. At that moment, I fortunately perceived a horse without a rider, and mounting him, I soon found myself in the high road. Not to tire your patience, by attempting to describe sensations which it would be impossible for the power of language to paint, I shall merely say, that I remained some time in London, exposed to all the miseries of want. Chance at length directed my footsteps to a house of entertainment, which some masons used, with whom I entered into conversation, and inquired whether they would agree to find me in work. I had felt the wants of Nature too powerfully, not to rejoice at the means by which they were supplied. My assiduity soon obtained me the approbation of my master, who easily discovered that I was not born to the situation which I filled.

"At the expiration of some years, my knowledge of the business was so perfect, that my employer invited me to reside in his house, and treated me with as much friendship and kindness as if I had actually been his son. This gentleman had risen to the highest eminence in his profession; the suavity of his manners could only be equalled by the intelligence of his mind. And he had a *daughter*—But to attempt describing her various attractions, would be presumption; for in her person were assembled all the virtues and graces which have ever been ascribed to the sex.

"In the society of this lovely creature, I experienced that refined gratification, which neither rank or splendour ever could impart; but my happiness was destined to receive a dreadful interruption, by the sudden death of the author of her birth. Though I had carefully concealed from my beloved's father, the secret of my own existence, I resolved to impart it to her; and for ever resign those visionary prospects of future grandeur, which imagination frequently had formed. Tenderness and astonishment marked

marked her expressive features, whilst she listened to the vicissitudes of my life; and, after pouring the balm of sympathy into my bosom, she amply compensated for all my sufferings by blessing me with her hand. By this angelic woman I have three children, who will for ever remain strangers to the noble stock from whence they sprang; for though no sigh for faded honours ever escapes my bosom, I cannot be answerable for the effect which a knowledge of their father's origin might produce upon theirs."

Sir Thomas listened to this singular recital with a mixture of emotion and astonishment, and immediately offered the son of England's Tyrant an asylum in his house, with full liberty to act the same as if he was its master; but this the noble-minded man, with expressions of gratitude, refused; declaring he was perfectly satisfied with his present situation; but wished to build a small house for his family at the extremity of his friend's park.

Of the truth of these extraordinary circumstances, little doubt can be entertained; and they are still more strongly impressed upon the imagination, by the Parish Register of Eastville; which states, that on the 22d of December, 1550, the *body* of Richard Plantagenet *was interred*.

Upon this singular character's history I shall not attempt making any farther observation: no reader of sensibility will be able to peruse it with hearts totally unmoved; for though we admire the calm philosophy of his feelings, he doubtless regretted the splendours he had lost.

PAULIN;

PAULIN;

OR,

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

[Concluded from page 321.]

IT was about eight o'clock in the evening when I arrived at Lord G***'s. The porter having conducted me to the apartment of Mr. Jonas Lank, I was struck with the great resemblance he bore to his father, Captain Wilkes; and there seemingly existed no other difference, than that created by the difference in their years.

Mr. Jonas received me with great politeness, asking what procured him the honor of my visit. "Sir," said I, "I come to fulfil a very painful mission." He appeared surprised; and looking stedfastly at me, waited in silence for my explanation. "It is from and on your father's account that I come." "From my father! Ah, Sir, what a fortunate moment for my heart! Hitherto I have remained ignorant whether he who gave me existence was alive or not. Condescend, I conjure you, to inform me where he dwells; if I may be permitted to go and ask of him his benediction, and obtain of his goodness, that I may give him marks of my filial respect." "Prepare yourself, Sir, to give some tears to his memory: I bring you his benediction and prayer, to render you worthy, by your actions, of the virtues he possessed."

Mr. Jonas let drop some tears, which proved how much his heart was afflicted—"What, Sir! alas! do I only learn the existence of my father, at the moment I must renounce the satisfaction of throwing myself at his feet! At, least Sir, you will inform me to whom I am indebted for the blood that circulates in my veins?"—"Amiable young man, it is not allowed me to give you this satisfaction."——

"Heaven!

"Heaven! you refuse Sir, to name to me my father?"—"Believe me, Sir, it costs me much to be obliged to keep you ignorant of his name; let it suffice you to know, that it is to his generous cares you owe the income which will protect you from want, and also the talents you have acquired. I repeat it, he possessed many virtues; and if you have been deprived of the happiness of seeing him, this privation has been as grievous to him as it is to you. See here a port-folio, which contains six thousand pounds in bank notes; receive it as a pledge of his tenderness."—"My father then no longer exists!" "Calm your grief, Sir; I leave you."—"In the name of all that is dear to you, Sir, deign at least to inform me who you are? It is easy for me to perceive you are a stranger to this country."—"Yes, Sir, I am a stranger, a Frenchman, and settled in France."

I was going to decline giving him my name, when we were suddenly interrupted by violent cries of "Murder! Stop him! Shut the doors!" We rose. Mr. Lank opened his door; the cries appeared to proceed from the apartments above. A young man came hastily down the stairs, with his hair loose, a wildness in his countenance, and disordered in his dress: such a figure made me recede with horror; but Mr. Lank obstructed his passage, and seized him by the collar: those who followed, secured him, adding, that the unfortunate man had just murdered the steward of the house.

The whole house was in motion on the noise of this assassination: they sent him before a justice: the culprit being detected in the fact, confessed every thing; and what surprised me most, was his acknowledging divers crimes he had committed prior to that, and, among others, that of Mrs. Hanowan. "Goodness of Heaven!" cried I, "I bless thee! The innocence of Captain Wilkes is manifest; and his life will not be cut off by the executioner."

This

This exclamation surprised the justices and assistants; above all, Mr. Jonas Lank, who asked me eagerly, if I was the friend of the man whose name I had just pronounced. "Yes, I am his friend; and my grief was at its height, to see him about to expire on a scaffold, to expiate a crime of which I knew him innocent."

Mr. Jonas taking me by the hand, his eyes moistened with tears, said, with an accent which penetrated me, "Sir, I know my father!"—And I, with a motion as quick as lightning, answered him, "Your heart has guessed." These words were no sooner escaped from my mouth, than I repented; but it was too late. Mr. Jonas fainted: the most ready help was given him, and returning to himself, he requested I would conduct him that instant to his father, which it was impossible for me to refuse him.

Whilst the justices put the proceedings and case of the culprit in order, Mr. Lank, who burned with impatience to see his father, dragged me, as it were, to the coach which had conducted me to him, ordering the coachman to drive to Newgate. We were each of us so much occupied with our reflections, that our journey was quite a silent one. I had, however, the presence of mind to judge, that it would be better for me to prepare the Captain for the visit of his son, and the event which would certify his innocence.

Jonas felt perfectly that it would be imprudent to introduce himself abruptly to his father; and therefore he remained in the apartment of the jailer; and I ascended alone to the chamber of my friend, who appeared surprised to see me so soon. I was so troubled, that Captain Wilkes, who perceived it, asked me the cause of the agitation I was in. "My friend! heaven would not permit the error of your judges to remain undiscovered." "What do you say, M. Paulin? Pray explain what you say." "A crime which has just been committed on the person of

Lord G***'s steward, has discovered the real murderer of Mrs. Hanowan."

I recited to Captain Wilkes what had passed, and prepared him for the introduction of his son.

Captain Wilkes received the news with that joy which distinguishes the philosopher from the common herd of men: he raised his eyes to heaven, saying, "Eternal Protector of the innocent! receive the vows of him whom it has pleased thy power to confound for a while among the guilty, and to open in the heart of the real criminal, a repentance, which has given him the courage to avow the crime with which I was charged."

He afterwards requested me to desire his son to walk up, which I hastened to do immediately. I can but feebly paint their interview. Jonas, on entering, would kneel down at his father's feet; but he opposed it, pressing him closely to his breast. "*My father!*"—"My son!"—were the only expressions which could escape, by reason of their sobs.

Restored, and become more tranquil, we all three talked together with that intoxicating pleasure, the precursor of supreme felicity. We were obliged to leave Captain Wilkes; and Jonas, who could not sufficiently satisfy himself with the pleasure of seeing his father, would absolutely accompany me home, making me promise him not to go alone to the prison; proposing to come, and accompany me and Mr. Ridulph, and to go all together, which I agreed to.

It is easy to conceive the pleasure I felt to see my worthy friend restored to life and honor: the aspirations of a heart penetrated with gratitude, never raised itself towards Heaven with more sincerity than mine; and my sleep was so much sweeter, as it was the only moment I had had without alarm since my arrival in London.

It was scarce seven o'clock, when Jonas entered my apartment, accompanied with the estimable Mr. Ridulph, who had passed the night in collecting all the

the documents which legally proved the innocence of his client. We repaired to the prison, and found Captain Wilkes with two officers, who came to inform him, that George Reading had confessed, that he alone was guilty of assassinating Mrs. Hanowan. Our surprise was extreme, when we learnt that this ill-fated youth was the son of the unfortunate Mrs. Hanowan: it was on the declaration of Honley, steward of Lord G***, that this mystery was unveiled. Honley, in his youth, had had this child by Mrs. Hanowan. The enmity that existed between their families, was an obstacle to their union: the child was baptized under the name of George Reading, and brought up secretly by the joint cares of Honley and Mrs. Hanowan. This monster, who was the assassin of the authors of his life, did not know them, but under the title of charitable persons, who had acted benevolently towards him. Born with violent and unruly passions, he abandoned himself, from childhood, to all the excesses of lewdness: an ungovernable gamester, frontless libertine, nothing was sacred with him. The excessive indulgence of Mrs. Hanowan for this young man, was, without doubt, one of the principal causes of his aberrations: she had several times extricated him from unpleasant situations, into which his irregular conduct had brought him, and always by sacrifices of considerable sums. This unfortunate mother dared not publicly receive this unnatural son; and since her connexion with Captain Wilkes, she took the greatest precautions to receive him in secret. George suspected his mother to be the mistress of Captain Wilkes, and knew the door of communication between the two apartments. He had many times introduced himself into those of the Captain, which gave him the facility of stealing the knife, the shirt, and two handkerchiefs. Furious with Mrs. Hanowan's reproaches on his conduct, and her explicit refusal to give him fifty guineas, which he

would absolutely have, this monster conceived the horrible design of taking away her life. He pretended to go out of the apartment, and hid himself in an obscure closet, which served as a lumber-room for furniture. Arranging his horrid project, he undressed himself, and put on the Captain's shirt; took the knife in his hand, and entered Mrs. Hanowan's chamber, whose cries he interrupted by closing her mouth with one of the handkerchiefs, whilst he stabbed her. Mrs. Hanowan awaked on his first assault, and employed all her strength to free herself from the assassin: her cries were choaked; and it was in struggling with him, that she took him by the hair, and fell from the bed upon the floor. The noise of her fall awaked one of the female servants, who slept in an adjoining chamber. This girl attempted to open her mistress's room-door, and perceiving it was locked within, she hallooed out: her cries alarmed the miserable George, who seeing Mrs. Hanowan expire, and fearing to be surprised, stripped off the shirt, and left behind him the handkerchiefs and knife: he then dressed himself, and found the means, by an outlet from the closet, to escape out of the house without being perceived.

In the mean time, the poor servant, seeing that her mistress did not answer her, and that she could not enter her chamber, continued her cries, which drew together several neighbours, who forced the door. It was at this moment that Captain Wilkes, awaked by the noise, entered Mrs. Hanowan's chamber by the secret communication; and we already know that this horrid spectacle made him faint away, and that they carried him to his bed. It was during his swoon they found the fatal knife, the shirt, and two handkerchiefs. The officers having arrived, they received the declarations of the servant and neighbours, that Mrs. Hanowan's door was found locked within, and they had been obliged to force it open. This declaration, the knife, shirt, and two handkerchiefs,

handkerchiefs, the hair and the door of communication, concurred together to make the Captain vehemently suspected: the terrible consequences have been already told, that these dreadful presumptions united, formed the ground-work of condemnation against Captain Wilkes. Mr. Honley had heard of the cruel death of Mrs. Hanowan; but although he knew the vices of George, he was far from suspecting him to be the author. George had even had the perfidy to appear greatly affected at the loss of a woman who, from his childhood, was prodigal of the tenderest benevolence towards him. His project was to rob his mother of her money and jewels; but he had not time enough to effect his purpose. He continued to see Mr. Honley often, who gave him, from time to time, some slight succours; and George, who suspected him to be possessed of considerable sums, conceived the dreadful design to assassinate and rob him. He knew that Mr. Honley, attacked by the gout for some time, was obliged to keep his bed. Under pretext of being serviceable to him, he never left Mr. Honley's chamber for some days; which gave him an opportunity of learning the place where the money, and other valuable articles, were deposited. Certain of having them, he took advantage of the moment when he was placing some bolsters under the painful feet of the sick man, to pass a handkerchief round his neck, with which he endeavoured to strangle him; but Mr. Honley, still vigorous, defended himself, and was happy enough to overturn his adversary, and keep him on the ground. The latter, furious, regained the ascendancy, and snatched up a knife, with which he gave him several stabs; but none of which were mortal. The cries of the steward attracted the servants; and you already know how George, in descending the stairs, was stopt by Jonas, seized, and delivered up into the hands of justice.

Mr. Honley, in his fright, exclaimed with indignation against George, whom he called a monster of a son! an ungrateful and unnatural child! assassin of both father and mother! The officers required him to give an explanation of these words. It was then that Mr. Honley acknowledged that George was his son by Mrs. Hanowan; that they had brought him up privately, and at a mutual expense; that he had no doubt but this unfortunate wretch, who had made the most violent attempt on his life, was the author of the death of Mrs. Hanowan.

George's formal avowal, who declared himself guilty of the murder of Mrs. Hanowan, and who gave all the details of it, as I have just recited, leaving no doubt of the innocence of Captain Wilkes, he was first of all released under security to attend the trial of George Reading.

The formalities of the security were not long in filling up; and we had the happiness, before the end of the day, to take our respectable friend home with us.

Captain Wilkes, doubly happy to see himself restored to life, to the honour and pleasure of finding in Mr. Lank a son, who united and possessed all the qualities a father could desire, appeared to enjoy a new existence. As for us, we were transported with a delirium, which visibly shewed itself in our actions and words.

All the relations, friends and acquaintances of Captain Wilkes, repaired to see him with eagerness, and to congratulate him; and Jonas was received by them all with the most flattering distinction. Lord G*** was even one of the first to pay his respects to Captain Wilkes and Jonas. The Captain, enchanted, acknowledged, by an authentic act, Jonas Henry Lank for his son and only heir, by changing the name of Lank to that of Wilkes.

The trial of George Reading being finished, he was condemned; and Captain Wilkes acquitted, by

the same sentence, of the procedure and condemnation carried on against him. The unfortunate George appeared very repentant for the crimes with which he was loaded.

I remained about a month longer in London after the innocence of Captain Wilkes was triumphant. This generous friend assured me when we parted, that he and Jonas would pay me and my family a visit. My return home excited the greatest pleasure in the heart of Josephine, and I was received by M. and Madame Bertrand as a valued son.

I learnt with much surprise, that Robert, who was in business for himself, and had managed his affairs very well for two years, being disgusted with his wife, had run away, and abandoned her and two children, without leaving them wherewith to subsist. This news afflicted me much: I hastened to relieve her; and by the means I afforded her, her business revived. I learnt afterwards, that her husband was gone to America, where his intemperance and debauchery killed him in six months. Mrs. Robert remained a widow, growing more and more covetous, and even refusing herself the common necessaries of life, to heap up money; which so altered her constitution, that she died very young. Her love of money was so great, that, being appointed guardian of her children, I found in an old coffer a sum which amounted to more than twenty thousand franks, which she had heaped up partly from the death of her uncle, and partly the advantages of commerce after the death of her husband.

Her children grew up, and profited by the education I gave them. I had never any reason but to approve their conduct. They are now very well established, and they revere me as a tender father.

Every year, since my voyage to London, Captain Wilkes and Mr. Lank have passed a month with me and my family; and I accompanied them to England, where I had commercial friends. I had but two children,

dren, a boy and a girl; and I have been happy enough to establish them, and to see myself surrounded with a numerous offspring. My bonds of friendship with Captain Wilkes were strengthened by the marriage of Jonas with my daughter. My son espoused the only daughter of M. Durant, who always made one of our habitual society. I was always lucky in my speculations, and the fortune I have acquired is immense; and I consecrate a part of it for the succour of those who by reverse of fortune have need of it. I have never felt any misfortune since the cruel adventure of Captain Wilkes, but those occasioned by the death of Mr. Speckleer, and M. and Madame Bertrand, who lived to extreme old age before they paid the debt of Nature.

Josephine and I approach old age without regret; our life has been easy, uniform, and tranquil; happy in our property, our children, and our friendships. By the constant advantages of fortune, we hope to terminate our career in the joys of peace, which never abandon those who have lived without reproach, and without remorse.

My children are acquainted with the history of my fortune; I could not resist the desire of transmitting it to my grandchildren, to whom I could not relate it; and this, in the full hope that the example of their grandfather will engage them to practise the sweet virtue of benevolence. May this sacred maxim be engraven on their hearts; "He that obliges, is a hundred times happier than the person obliged."

THE HONEST WOMAN.

[From the French of M. Provost d'Exmes, 1787.]

A MARRIED man, who had a lucrative place under government, kept a mistress. His wife, who was young and beautiful, with concern perceived him withdraw himself from home, and treat his

his children with indifference; but having found out the cause, she resolved to have a private interview with her rival. "Madam, (said she to her, amongst other remarks,) I am the wife of M***, your lover: seeing you possessed of so many attractions, I am almost inclined to forgive him his infidelity; but as it is impossible for me to live happy without him, I am come to obtain your succour against yourself. All my husband's fortune proceeds from his place, which he may soon be deprived of. He has no other property to leave his children, excepting a good education; and if the little he has amassed by a prudent economy, is spent from home, his children can hope for nothing from him; and they must, sooner or later, find themselves in indigent circumstances. With the beauty you possess, you may easily find a richer man than M***. Let me then owe to you the return of a husband I dearly love: an honest family will owe their happiness to you, and will be ever grateful for it." What answer, think you, did the Financier's Mistress make to his Wife? She addressed her in a jesting tone, and said, "Madam, you have charms enough to fix the heart of your husband; but since fate will have you and I to be rivals, it is not for me to constrain your husband's inclinations." The lady retired, grievously concerned for acting as she had done, and would not mention the circumstance to her husband, for fear of incurring his anger, and making the breach wider between them: but he was told of it by his mistress with an air of insult; and this indecent raillery failed not to open the eyes of the husband, and made him renounce from that day so imperious and insensible a mistress; attach himself to his wife, whose conduct he admired, as well as the first sentiments with which she had inspired him; and bestowed on his children those caresses which were their due.

Strand, I. T.
August 2, 1802.

ON THE MUTABILITY OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

" Man never is, but always to be blest."

IN a visit I yesterday made, I met with a gentleman, who, often repeating this line of Mr. Pope, said, it was verified in himself, and in most of his acquaintance.

" When (he continued) I first arrived in London, I thought myself a happy man, in being able to pay for a hackney-coach to visit my patients in, whilst my next neighbour was obliged to visit his on foot; and for two years my wife was content to ride to the play, or take an airing, when business admitted, to Kensington, or else where, in the same modest conveyance: when, one fatal day, as we were returning home, my wife caught sight of our neighbour in a new gig! ' Well! (cried she,) is not that neat little thing far preferable to this dirty hack? You *shall* have a *chaise*, Mr. H***!' To say truth, I had been revolving in my mind, whether my business would allow of such an indulgence; and accordingly complied with the wishes of Mrs. H***. A handsome gig was purchased in the course of a year: however, my wife and myself had the mortification to see our neighbour shortly after sporting a new chariot! I own I felt my face glow with something like envy, and never after rode with any pleasure in the said gig for two years. I was nevertheless obliged to be content; but my wife, after a ride one day, observed, it was very provoking that Dr. S—— and his lady had all the comforts of a close carriage, while she, who brought me a fortune far superior to that lady, was obliged to go out like a fish-woman! (which, by the way, was true, as Mrs. Shrimp, in the Minories, had most assuredly started a gig the week before.) My conscience and my pride coalescing, I drove to Long Acre, where I bargained with a coach-maker for a new chariot; and he was

to

to take the gig at a fair valuation. Now you will think (continued he) that we were arrived at the height of our ambition, considering we were not of the first order of beings; and it is true, we were comparatively comfortable; at least, as to the etiquette of taking the air: But human nature has always something in prospect, which is necessary to render it *quite* happy! We had, to be sure, now got a well-furnished house, a carriage, and servants, and, indeed, all the necessary appendages to felicity, except children; the want of which, from the pressure of the times, neither I nor my wife much regretted: but there was another thing she did regret; for though, by subscribing to many of the public charities, as well as attending them as a professional man, and frequenting the Free-Masons' Club, &c. &c. I was admitted into the first company in town, yet she, as the wife of an apothecary, was denied what to her, she assured me, was of the utmost importance; that is to say, the company of the great world, which she was certain could only be obtained by relinquishing business entirely. As I had a sufficiency to support life in a style of elegance far superior to what we ever expected, I got a handsome gratuity for turning over my business, and commenced gentleman in a small village within two miles from the metropolis. A small house and garden, well laid out, for some months, was the delight of Mrs. H——, whilst I busied myself in mental amusements, and visiting my old acquaintance: but at length Mrs. H—— perceived that the lowness of the fence was a nuisance, and that she could not walk in her garden without being overlooked by our neighbours; people so inferior to us, (as they had not at present quitted business,) that her walks, instead of gratifying her, as they had done, became no way pleasing; and, moreover, in such a small place, surrounded, as we were, by tradespeople, it was no wonder that people of condition still held us

as

as unworthy their acquaintance. Now, were we to remove fifty or sixty miles from town, we should be looked on in a far different light; and if we would sink our fortune into an annuity for both our lives, as we had no relations we valued, we might still be happy in a select society of people of fashion, that she was sure would conduce to both our felicities. Well, in a short time I had an opportunity to buy a handsome residence at W————; and as I did not practise for pecuniary advantage, but gave my advice gratis to my friends and the poor, I was looked upon as a worthy gentleman; and, to the great joy of my wife, became a visitant at the Bishop's! who, by the way, being generally in ill health, had no objection to a friend like me, who was willing to administer to his diseases, without any return but the honor of dining with him whenever it suited my purpose. All went on well till it was necessary to make an entertainment for our great neighbours, (for there were three other families of nearly the same rank;) then it was that I found our table-suit was too mean;—that our tea-equipage was old-fashioned; and that humble port would never do to treat people of condition! Our drawing-room was not furnished in taste; so that before the said rout commenced, I found myself very far from comfortable—as my purse was reduced in less than a fortnight from six hundred pounds to three. After the rout was over, and our great friends had departed, my wife said, as we were retiring to rest, "she had received more pleasure with a party of friends, when we lived on Tower Hill, than in all this pompous honor conferred on her by a visit from the great world." Such is human nature! We are all looking forward to some favorite scheme of happiness, and, alas! when we have gained the summit of our wishes, how little is the real felicity we experience! and how transient and evanescent are the best enjoyments of this world of mutability!

RECLUSINA.

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

A PERSON, whose only daughter was ill, and given over by the physicians, bethought himself of imploring the assistance of the gods. Prayers, offerings, alms, sacrifices—every thing, in fine, was employed to obtain her cure. The bonzes, whom these gifts enrich, answered for her recovery, on the faith of an idol, of whose power they had boasted much. Nevertheless, she died; and the father, enraged and inconsolable, resolved to avenge her death, and to prosecute the idol in due form of law. He lodged his complaint, therefore, before the judge of the place. After having strongly represented, in his declaration, the treacherous conduct of this unjust divinity, he urged the judge to inflict an exemplary punishment upon him for his breach of faith. 'If the spirit,' added he, 'were able to cure my daughter, it was an absolute fraud, to take my money, and suffer her to die. If he had not this power, why did he interfere in it? What right had he to assume the quality of a god? Is it for nothing that we adore him, and that the whole province offer sacrifices to him?' In a word, he contended, that, considering the impotence, or the malice, of the idol, his temple should be demolished, his priests driven ignominiously from it, and he himself undergo some severe corporeal punishment.

The affair appeared important to the judge, and he referred it to the governor, who, unwilling to have any contest with the gods, requested the viceroy to examine into the merits of the case. The latter, after having heard the bonzes, who appeared much alarmed, called the plaintiff, and advised him to desist from the prosecution. 'You are not wise,' said he, 'to embroil yourself with these spirits: they are naturally

turally malignant, and, I fear, may play you some trick. Be advised by me; accept the proposals of compromise which the bonzes will make you. They assure me, that the idol, on his part, shall listen to reason; provided, on the other hand, that you do not push matters to extremity.'

But the man, who was inconsolable for the death of his daughter, still persisted in declaring, that he would rather perish, than recede in the least instance from his rights. 'My lord,' answered he, 'my resolution is taken: the idol is persuaded, that he can commit all manner of injustice with impunity: he imagines that no one will be hardy enough to attack him: but he is mistaken; and we shall soon see, whether he or I be the most intractable of the two.'

The viceroy, perceiving that all farther expostulation would be in vain, permitted the cause to proceed, and sent information of it, in the mean time, to the sovereign council at Pekin, who ordered it to be removed, by appeal, to their tribunal, before which both parties soon appeared. The idol did not fail to find very able pleaders at the bar. The council to whom the bonzes gave a fee to defend him, were clear that his right was incontestible; and they spoke with such eloquence on the subject, that the god in person could not have excelled them. But they had to contend with a much more able man, who had already had the precaution to have his arguments preceded by a round sum of money, in order to give his judges a clearer insight into the merits of the case: being persuaded, that the devil must be very cunning, if he could withstand this last argument. In reality, after many eloquent pleadings, he gained a complete victory. The idol was condemned, as useless, in the empire, to perpetual exile; his temple was demolished; and the bonzes that represented his person, met with exemplary punishment.

The superstitious credulity of the Chinese is assiduously kept up by these bonzes, who are vaga-

bonds, brought up from their infancy in effeminacy, idleness, and aversion to labor; and the greatest part of whom devote themselves to this profession for mere subsistence. There is, consequently, no kind of artifice which they do not employ, to extort presents from the devout worshippers of Fo. Nothing is more common in China, than recitals of the artful tricks of these pious cheats. The following instance of this may divert our readers:

Two of these bonzes, roving about the country, perceived two or three large ducks in the farm-yard of a rich peasant. They instantly prostrated themselves before the gate, and began to groan and weep very bitterly. The farmer's wife, who saw them from her chamber, went out to know the subject of their grief. 'We know,' said they, 'that the souls of our fathers have passed into the bodies of those ducks; and our fears, lest you should kill them, will inevitably make us die, ourselves, with grief.' 'It is true,' answered the farmer's wife, 'it was our intention to sell them; but since they are your fathers, I will give you my word to keep them.' This was not what the bonzes wished for. 'Ah!' said they, 'your husband may not be so charitable; and we shall certainly die, if any accident betide them.' In fine, after a long conversation, the good woman was so affected by their apparent grief, that she committed the ducks to their filial care. They received them with great respect, after having twenty times prostrated themselves before them; but, that very evening, they put their pretended fathers on the spit, and very handsomely regaled their little community.

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

Evening Amusements; or, the Beauty of the Heavens displayed. In which several striking Appearances to be observed on various Evenings in the Heavens, during the Year 1805, *are described, and several Means are pointed out, by which the Time of Young Persons may be innocently, agreeably, and profitably employed within Doors. Intended to be continued Annually. By William Frend, Esq. M. A. and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.* 12*mo.* 210 *pp.* 3*s.*

The design of this work, to encourage the taste for astronomical studies, and facilitate the approaches to the science, is so truly laudable, that we see the continuation of it with peculiar pleasure; rejoicing also to find the author so very usefully employed. The first volume appeared in 1804, (see Brit. Crit. xxiv. 337,) and began to open the subject to young observers; the present supposes that foundation laid, and proceeds in a similar manner to announce the phænomena of the present year. It may be considered, in some respects, as an astronomical almanack, proceeding regularly through the months of the year, and not only pointing out the appearances of the heavenly bodies, fixed and planetary, but giving practical directions, by which the inexperienced observer may be led to ascertain them for himself. Directions are also given for dividing circles, and performing such of the more easy operations of mathematics, as may be useful in these pursuits. We have no doubt that any person, by daily following the directions of this calendar, may obtain a competent knowledge of the heavenly bodies, and consequently a source of very rational amusement throughout life. A few plates are given, representing the principal stars of a few constellations. *British Critic.*

Oriental Tales, translated into English Verse, by J. Hoppner, Esq. R. A. Crown 8*vo. pp.* 123. 7*s. Boards.*

Poets are painters, and painters will sometimes be poets. Creative imagination belongs to each. The artist who is occupied in assisting the dull conceptions of common readers, by exhibiting to the

the senses the delineations of poetry, will imperceptibly grow enamoured of the Muse, and be tempted to combine the pleasures of both professions. Though Mr. Hoppner appears before us in the humble character of a translator, it is very evident that he is no novice at versification; and though he professes to be a mere borrower of ideas, his own mind supplies many conceptions, and his fancy discovers itself in the whole progress of the undertaking. The narration trips on the toe of light and humorous satire; and his reader will thank him for having put these Eastern Tales into an English garb, which so well fits and becomes them.

Monthly Review.

Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess. In Two Volumes. 12mo. pp. 734.

This work was composed before the appointment of the Bishop of Exeter to such an important charge of education. A short letter addressed in the beginning of the work to that prelate, explains to his Lordship, that the author had his second volume in the press before he knew of the nomination in question. If he had known the illustrious young personage would have had such a tutor, he acknowledges his work might have been spared. Entertaining a high respect for the talents and learning of the Bishop, we nevertheless must say that the production before us contains masterly views of the various objects, relations and duties of the station which the young personage in question appears destined to fill; and presents an exhibition of the religious, moral and political conduct that befits sovereignty; which is highly deserving the consideration of all who are or may be employed in forming and modelling a character for such an exalted rank, and such an extensive sphere of action. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

The Spirit of Discovery; or, the Conquest of Ocean. A Poem, in five Books. With Notes, historical and illustrative. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles, Prebendary of Salisbury, &c. 12mo. pp. 254. 9s.

In the world of letters, Mr. Bowles has hitherto merely proved himself

"No mawkish son of sentiment, who strains
"Soft *sonnet-drops* from barley-water brains."

His elegant sonnets have conferred considerable reputation on their author. Even we read his efforts in this way without once exclaiming "*Lack-a-daisy!*" we, who, without profaneness be it said, "*would as soon meet the Devil alone as*" a sonneteer.

Mr Bowles now sings "*a louder and a loftier strain*;"—and a much longer! In a certain French piece, a garrulous old gentleman says, "To cut the matter short, we'll begin with Adam;" our author is, in a trifling degree, more merciful, for he commences his story of "*circum-navigation*" at Noah in his ark. It is

true that he modestly doubts the patience of the reader to take the whole of the voyage with him; and all we can say is, that he who encounters this poem, with the simple expectation of hearing well-known facts recounted in harmonious blank verse, with all its circumlocution, will not only not be disappointed, but greatly gratified. *Monthly Mirror.*

Account of the Life and Writings of Thomas Reid, D. D. F. R. S. Ed. late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. By Dugald Stewart, F. R. S. Edinburgh. 8*vo. pp.* 222. *Price* 5*s.*

The Memoirs before us present a picture of an useful and honourable, though retired and unambitious life: it was indeed, as the author informs us, "barren of incidents which furnish materials for biography." But he supposes, not without reason, "that after the agitations of the political convulsions which Europe has witnessed for a course of years, the simple record of such a life may derive an interest even from its uniformity; and, when contrasted with the events of the passing scene, may lead the thoughts to some views of human nature on which it is not ungrateful to repose."

The work is divided into three sections; the first of which gives an account of the birth and parentage of Dr. Reid, together with his life till the date of his latest publication: the second contains observations on the scope and spirit of Dr. Reid's philosophy; and the third continues the narrative to his death. *Imperial Review.*

Sir Tristrem, a Metrical Romance of the Thirteenth Century, by Thomas of Erceldoune, called The Rhymer. Edited from the Auchinleck MS. by Walter Scott, Esq. Advocate. Royal 8*vo. pp.* 368. 2*l.* 2*s.*

The story of Sir Tristrem, whether solely fabulous, or founded on some real anecdote, was received with rapture in every part of Europe, and is alluded to by almost all the early poets of France, of Italy, and of England. That it is capable of being rendered no less interesting to modern readers, has been proved by M. de Tressan, whose "Corps d'extraits des romans de chevalerie," are well known to all persons of taste, and who has formed from the materials of the old prose romance, one of the most seducing tales in that very amusing collection; and the work now before us will testify that the story in its original and simple state, possesses beauties which amply atone for its rudeness of language, and of which M. de Tressan would have been glad to avail himself. Mr. Scott has, very wisely, prefixed to each of the four cantos into which the poem is now divided, a short argument of its contents, from which those readers who may be too indolent to struggle with

with the difficult phraseology of the original, will obtain a connected and circumstantial narrative of the incidents which have immortalized the hero of Cornwall. *British Critic.*

The Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography of South Wales, from Materials collected during two Excursions in the Year 1803. *By Benjamin Heath Malkin, Esq. M. A. F. S. A. Embellished with Views drawn on the Spot, and engraved by Laporte; and a Map of the Country.* 4*to. pp.* 634. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d. Boards.*

Let not the reader be terrified by the large bulk of this volume; for if he advances in the perusal of it, he will not deem it too extensive. Every topic on which the modern tourist descants, here receives attention, and is treated in appropriate terms and pleasing language. The descriptions of the picturesque manifest considerable animation and felicity, while care is taken not to introduce the subject too frequently, or to dwell on it too much; and the attention is, at proper intervals, relieved by topographical disquisitions, by portions of ancient history, by pictures of retired life, by sketches of rural economy, by traits of national character, and by a variety of interesting anecdotes and sensible reflections.

Monthly Review.

Notes relative to the late Transactions in the Marhatta Empire: Fort William, 15th December, 1803. *Illustrated with five Military Plans.* 8*vo. pp.* 116. *and Appendix, pp.* 196. 12*s.* 6*d. sewed.*

Public fame ascribes the present production to the highest oriental authority, viz to the Governor-General in India; and the assertion, which remains uncontradicted, appears to be corroborated by internal evidence. Indeed, the decisive indications of an energetic and comprehensive mind, together with the indubitable traces of liberal and enlarged views, which are conspicuous in this tract, strongly point out the Marquis Wellesley as the writer. A short chapter of history, wrought up to high interest, and very important in its contents, is here given to the British public. It exhibits, in a narrow compass, a striking view of a famed Indian confederacy; ably delineating its origin and progress, its views and its relations with the British power, and with other states within and without the limits of Hindostan. Incidentally are developed many particulars of our situation in the East, and various matters are disclosed which affect our interests as an Indian power. A publication which contains so much to gratify curiosity, whether we regard the facts which are related, or the observations with which they are accompanied, seldom issues from the press.

Monthly Review.

Miscellaneous Poetry. By Edward Coxe, Esq. of Hampstead Heath, Middlesex. pp. 265.

It is pleasing to find a connection between Commerce and the Muses. The former affords us the comforts and luxuries of life, and essentially contributes to our national strength, by its incident support of our best national defence; and the latter gives grace, ornament and beauty to the social union of mankind. The author of these poems, we find, is the brother of Mr. Coxe, generally known by the title of Mr. Coxe the Traveller, to whom the public are indebted for many works of historical research and considerable literary merit. Our poet, who, we understand, was many years one of the partners in a very respectable commercial house in this capital, has retired from business with a considerable fortune, which he devotes to friendship, literature, and the fine arts. Though his track in life, and in letters, has been different from that which his brother has pursued, he has manifested a congenial spirit, and has strong claims to an equality of repute in the province which he has chosen for the exercise of his talents.

Anti-jacobin Review.

The Beauties of Scotland, containing a clear and full Account of the Agriculture, Commerce, Mines, and Manufactures, of the Population, Cities, Towns, Villages, &c. Volume I. Part I. 8vo. pp. 272. 7s. 6d. sewed. 10s. 6d. on Royal Paper.

The title page of this volume fully and justly explains the nature and merits of this useful and agreeable work. The part before us is taken up with the description of Midlothian, or Edinburghshire, which is treated with such information and ability as must insure success to the undertaking. The ten illustrative engravings are every way worthy of the publication. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Poetical Register, and Repository for Fugitive Poetry, for 1803. 8vo. 468 pp. 9s.

We have already had occasion to express ourselves favourably of the plan, as well as the execution, of this very entertaining Miscellany, and we are happy to perceive, that so far from finding any relaxation in the Editor's exertions, the present volume appears before us with increased spirit and energy. *British Critic.*

Letters to a Young Lady, on a Course of English Poetry. By J. Aikin, M. D. 12mo. 197 pp. 4s.

If the knowledge and taste of Dr. Aikin, in the poetry of his country, had not already been proved by various publications, these Letters would alone suffice to display those qualifications in a very favourable light. By the easiest and most judicious steps he conducts

conducts his fair pupil (whom, by the mode of address, we should suppose to be some near relative) through every class of English poetry; explaining the nature and peculiarities of each, and illustrating his remarks by the most apposite citations. He begins with Pope, as the great master of versification, but, without concluding his remarks on that poet, proceeds to Dryden, Waller, Addison, and Swift. The reason for this transition is satisfactory.

British Critic.

The Decameron, or Ten Days' Entertainment of Boccaccio. Translated from the Italian. The Second Edition, corrected and improved. To which are prefixed, Remarks on the Life and Writings of Boccaccio, and an Advertisement, by the Author of Old Nick, a Piece of Family Biography, &c. 8vo. 2 Vols. 16s. Boards.

The first edition of this translation was published so long since as the year 1741, in one volume octavo. The present Editor has not only corrected many errors, both typographical and grammatical, but has altered various passages which were rendered with ambiguity, feebleness, or distortion of the original meaning. Obsolete orthography, and low and inelegant modes of expression, have been cancelled with an unsparing hand; and the first, instead of the third person singular, has been restored in the narratives, agreeably to the animated manner of the Italian text.

Monthly Review.

Recollections of Twenty Years Abode in Berlin; or, Frederic the Great, his Family, Court, Government, Academy, Schools, and his Literary and Philosophical Friends. By Deodatus Thiebault, of the Royal Academy of Berlin, &c. 8vo. Five Volumes.

Notwithstanding all that has been written of this remarkable Prince, the present work will still be found to excite an uncommon degree of interest. Not that any new light is thrown on the character of Frederic; the world already knew him to be a Prince by nature sagacious, and by art cultivated to the utmost of consummate military talents; not less hardy in speculation on moral and religious subjects than in the field of battle; a thorough despiser of mankind, whom he regarded as little better than machines; firm and unshaken in his resolutions, and pertinacious in the schemes of his unmeasurable ambition. But M Thiebault, from his frequent opportunities of conversing with him, and from his admirable method of narrating conversations, (in which he is not exceeded by Boswell himself,) has brought us to a close and very agreeable intimacy with this accomplished Prince. *Imperial Review.*

Circumstances respecting the late Charles Montford, Esq. By George Harley, Esq. 8vo. 5s. *Boards.*

The writer of this affecting narrative has exemplified a great share of sensibility in the description which he gives of his friend; whose acute anguish on the loss of Louisa, the object of his affections, induced him, in the frenzy of despair, to put a period to his own existence. The excellence of the character, which the author has pourtrayed in the latter part of his detail, will be more fully apparent to the reader from a perusal of the incidents of Mr. Montford's life, and from the habitual sentiments which are stated to have influenced his general conduct. It will be readily perceived, at the same time, that the writer himself is one who has profited from his commerce with the world, and has stored his mind with many useful and important maxims of conduct derived from his acquaintance with men and manners. *Monthly Review.*

The Anti-Corsican A Poem, in three Cantos: inscribed to the Volunteers of Great Britain. 4to. *pp.* 32. 5s. *sewed.*

Youth, at the present day, seems to contest the prize of fame with mature age. We have a young Roscius who astonishes all ranks at the Theatre; and we have here a school-boy poet, who equals in genius, in force, and in harmony of numbers, most of our modern bards. By the title, and by the modest advertisement which announces the poem before us to be the production of a young gentleman of *Midhurst School*, written during the last summer vacation, we were not encouraged to anticipate any high gratification. We only expected to find a warm effusion of juvenile zeal in the cause of our country, and were prepared to tolerate some defects in a composition prompted by the noblest patriotism. How agreeably were we surprised to view prominent and striking beauties instead of blemishes; to meet with a manly and nervous poet in a youth of Midhurst School! Mr. Wool, the master, may well be proud of such a pupil; a pupil to whom the Muses have been very partial, and who appears to have improved their favours by suitable application, particularly in having acquired a good taste from a diligent study of Pope and our best poets. *Monthly Review.*

A Poem on the Restoration of Learning in the East, which obtained Mr. Buchanan's Prize. By Charles Grant, Esq. M. A. Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. 4to. 3s.

It will be right to inform the public, that the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, vice provost of the college of Fort William in Bengal, lately proposed with great liberality, several donations to the universities and principal great schools, as rewards for compositions in

in different languages, in prose and verse. The present poem gained one of his prizes.

The idea of *poetry* is so widely disjoined in our minds from the idea of *a task*, that we cannot even contemplate a copy of verses on a set subject without some degree of prejudice. We confess, however, that we have been agreeably disappointed in that which is now before us. It is, on the whole, a very fine composition; and we pay it a compliment infinitely beneath its deserts, when we assert it to have much more merit than we have any right to expect in a prize poem. *Critical Review.*

The Sorrows of Seduction; with other Poems. 12*mo.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

This little volume, which, as the author says, passed from himself immediately to his publishers, without any examination on the part of a friend, exhibits great elegance of taste, and warmth of feeling. The first Poem, on Seduction, though unfortunately the subject is trite, is well managed, and has many pathetic and beautiful passages. *British Critic.*

An Oration Commemorative of the late Major-General Alexander Hamilton; pronounced before the New York State Society of the Cincinnati, 31st July, 1804. *By J. M. Mason, D. D. &c.* 8*vo.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

An energetic and affectionate tribute to the memory of a distinguished, valuable, and unfortunate member of society; which will interest every one who, with us, regrets the occasion that deprived America of his talents and services. *Monthly Review.*

Poems by Laura Sophia Temple. 12*mo. pp.* 192.

If an old lady were to "sin against critical elegance and classical purity," we do not think that we should excuse her on account of her *age*; but when a young lady pleads her youth, we confess that *her age* has a sort of fascination about it, that disarms us for the moment. Such is the ground on which Miss Temple presumes to hope that she has claims "on the candour of the public;" and granting, what is certainly often the case, that youth in the fair sex has power to "cover a multitude of sins," yet are we sure that it will never, in the field of letters, be found so good a shield as that which now protects Miss T —we mean her merit.

The flowers which compose this Parnassian bouquet, are numerous, and all distinguished by a freshness and fragrance with which our senses are seldom regaled. The fruit we own is not very abundant, but there is a profusion of bloom, from which, considering ourselves but in the spring, we are led to hope, hereafter, to gather a rich and substantial store. *Monthly Mirror.*

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R. Sands del. et sc.

Published June 1st 1808, by Tanner & Hood Poultry.

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SEP

The Apollonian Wreath.

ON SPRING.

HAIL! beauteous Spring, where'er we turn,
Thy lovely charms appear;
All nature smiles at thy return,
Sweet parent of the year.

In ev'ry breeze fresh vigor blows,
In ev'ry drop there's life;
All nature bursts from her repose
With animated strife.

See far above yon eastern hills,
The Sun now lifts his head;
And noisome damps, which nature chills,
Before his beams are fled.

Each branch, with num'rous blossoms dress'd,
Just op'ning to the view,
Shall soon, by his bright influence bless'd,
Burst forth in varied hue.

On ev'ry bush, on ev'ry thorn,
The grateful warblers sing;
Bask in his rays each rising morn,
And hail him nature's King.

The meadows now resume their green;
The little sportive lambs
In every field are gaily seen
To frisk around their dams.

See flocks and herds spread o'er the plain,
Browsing the tender blade,
And seem well pleas'd to view again
The change which Spring has made.

While thus around, in various ways,
From th' insect to the brute,
All loudly speak their Maker's praise,
Shall MAN alone be mute?

I. P.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

AH! what woes are mine to bear!
Sinking deep into my heart;
For ever doom'd to rankle there,
Separation's cruel smart.

How little feels the joyous fair,
Reposing 'midst the sweets of life,
The trembling hope, the anxious care
Decreed a sailor's hapless wife!

To her the sea each beauty shows
Grateful to the rapture'd sight;
Every breeze refreshing blows,
Yielding pleasure and delight.

Alas! the sight I cannot brave,
No cheering hope my mind can form;
I dread a surge in every wave,
In every floating breath, a storm.

Return, my wand'rer, quick return,
And leave no more your peaceful home,
Your weeping wife, your babes forlorn;
Ah! live for them, and cease to roam.

 D. R.

MAY.

A PASTORAL.

COME, my Muse, this charming morning
Nature's face with smiles adorning,
Invites to tune thy simple lay,
And sing the charms of lovely May.

O'er the flow'ry mead we'll wander,
By purling streams, whose soft meander
In gentle murmurs greet the day
Which boasts the charms of lovely May.

Young zephyrs, o'er the meadows sporting,
In wanton gales fair Flora courting,
Make her each beauteous charm display,
To deck with flowers the blooming May.

Phœbus, too, his powers uniting;
Bees, to feast on sweets inviting,
From flower to flower they buz and play,
And gather sweets from lovely May.

The woods with melody are ringing,
Each feather'd pair their loves are singing,
In joyful notes, from spray to spray,
Confess the powerful charms of May.

Now the stubborn maid relenting,
With blushes to her swain consenting,
Proves all hearts must love obey,
To crown with bliss the lovely May.

Then nymphs and swains their flocks forsaking,
Hail the pair their joy partaking;
In jocund sports they pass the day,
And mirth proclaims the festive May.

I. P.

TO SPRING.

ONCE more, fair Spring, I trace thy lightsome feet,
And beauteous form, bedeck'd in soft array,
Skirting the vale—whilst loud thy minstrel's lay—
Thrills thro' the grove, in melody so sweet,
Where Flora's nymphs in anxious circles meet,
Crown'd with the buds that bloom, the pride of May,
Thy brows to wreath, and strew thy primrose way,
To hail thee Queen, and gladsome face to greet.

For doubly welcome thou to Nature art,
And so to me—since calm I share the joy
That thy bless'd smiles to the glad plains impart;
Which please the fancy, and refresh the eye;
And whisper softly to the beating heart,
Of treasur'd hopes, and Summer's pleasures nigh.

Liverpool, May, 1805. J. B—WD—N.

LINES

To the Memory of W. S.

LONG hast thou slept within the silent grave,
From whose fell grasp no earthly pow'r can save;
But still thy memory is held most dear;
Thy virtues claim the tributary tear.

Thy ready purse to all who were distress'd,
Display'd the generous feelings of thy breast;
Thy hospitable roof the weary cheer'd,
And genuine merit was by thee rever'd.

Who can thy sweet yet rustic strains peruse,
And to thy shade a friendly sigh refuse?
Each manly virtue center'd in thy breast,
For which I trust thou art supremely blest.

But virtue in this sublunary life,
Seldom encounters aught but care and strife;
Conviction sure, that there's a world to come,
Where suff'ring merit finds a happier home.

Moorland Cottage, Worcestershire, May, 1805. PHILLIDA.

SONNET.

OH! would it were my ever blissful lot,
Beneath some verdant sloping hillock's side,
Where slow in eddies curls the streamlet's tide,
To fix my humble and sequester'd cot.
There, I the world would envy not a jot,
Though broils tempestuous might the state divide;
Securely free, I'd range my garden plot,
And proud Ambition's stern decrees deride.
For with my portion small of Fortune's store,
My friend rever'd—and maid belov'd and kind,
And store of books, all rich in Wisdom's lore,
With each successive I could pleasure find.
Thus then endow'd—I'd wish for nothing more,
So blest my heart would feel—so calm my mind.

Liverpool. J. B—WD—N.

A REQUEST.

I ASK not Fortune's dazzling charms;
Give me a calm retreat,
Far, very far, from those alarms,
Which wait upon the great.

For what is wealth, or what is pow'r?
Too oft the boast of those
Who clasp them as their fav'rite dow'r,
Nor feel for others' woes.

Oh! never may the sordid breast
Within my dwelling come;
Whose heart, by Flattery's magic drest,
Implores no brighter doom;

But let the truly generous friend
My cottage freely share;
Who will my erring life amend,
Nor kind instruction spare.

And may I useful truths impart
To those who near me come;
My greatest pride my shepherd's heart,
And Heav'n my future home.

Moorland Cottage, Worcestershire, May, 1805. PHILLIDA.

THE SORROWS OF JESSICA.

OH! attend to the tale of poor Jessica's sorrow,
Of one, who, alas! was the offspring of pride,
Whose parents ne'er thought of the wants of to-morrow;
Without friends or fortune was I when they died.

Nurs'd by Folly and Splendor, in Infancy's season,
My studies *accomplishments only* have taught;
Not one useful art was bestow'd on my reason;
I'm driv'n to despair by the harrowing thought.

By labor, a living to gain I'm unable;
The name of a beggar sounds harsh in my ears:
I would plead for the fragments of Plenty's full table,
But, alas! I can plead for them only with tears!

While I whisper this sorrowful tale to your feelings,
The dew-drops of anguish fall quick from my eyes;
Let mercy still prompt to compassionate dealings,
Relieve her distress, or poor Jessica dies!

May, 1805. J. M. L.

THE QUESTION AND ANSWER.

LOVELY Susan, why that sigh?
Grief ne'er should wound such beauty:
To sooth thy care, oh, let me try,
'Twill be a pleasing duty.

Is it illness gives thee grief,
And fills thy breast with sorrow?
Of that your cheek forbids belief,
From which the rose might borrow.

'Tis not want, I know full well,
For thou hast store of treasure:
Oh! then, Susan, pr'ythee tell,
What robs thy youth of pleasure?

If 'tis Love enthralls thy soul,
He is a bold intruder;
Yet we like his soft controul,
And cherish the deluder.

Susan, tell me, have I guess'd?
Believe, I love you truly;
Nor let my suit in vain be press'd,
But answer just and duly.

"Yes," salutes my raptur'd ear!
Oh! happiness delighting!
Come, ye pleasures, hover near,
Whilst true-love's vows are plighting!

May, 1805. J. M. L.

LINES

Written at Sun-set.

BRIGHT Sol no longer with his beams
Enlivens these sweet sylvan scenes,
No longer with his ray
He lengthens out the day;
But, sunk beneath the purpled western sky,
Till morn advance, and bid him rise,
Then with new strength he mounts the skies,
And brings fresh blessings from the Deity.

ON

ON SUICIDE.

WHEN Fate, in angry mood, has frown'd,
And gather'd all his storms around,
The sturdy Romans cry,
"The great, who'd be releas'd from pain,
"Falls on his sword, or opes a vein,
"And bravely dares to die."

But know, beneath life's heavy load,
In sharp Affliction's thorny road,
'Midst thousand ills that grieve;
Where dangers threaten, cares infest,
Where friends forsake, and foes molest,
'Tis braver far—to live!

Correspondence, &c.

It is always with pain we reject the well-meant efforts of our fair contributors, which we are under the necessity of doing in the case of Sappho.

We will not expose the name of the worthy Major, by publishing the Acrostic *a fair Lady has sent us; for however pleasing it may be to* Maria, *that he takes care to preserve his pretty face* "from rain and scorching sun," *and which she seems seriously to mean as a compliment, his fair countrywomen in general would prefer his exposing his face* "to wounds and scars" *in their defence, and would think him better intitled to the meed of beauty.*

Not having fulfilled our promise of presenting our readers with the portrait of the OLD WOMAN *in this Volume, they have a claim upon us to assign the cause—which is, that, through our anxiety to have an exact likeness, we were, in revolving in our minds the various artists,* "long chusing, and beginning late:"—*this, and the care and attention bestowed by those employed upon it, has prevented its being got ready in time. We might, indeed, have literally kept our promise, and given her portrait with this last Number of the Volume, but that was judged improper; she is therefore ordained to lead the female train which are selected to adorn the* FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

The "Riddle," *communicated by* "Verité of Coventry," *is too undefined, and of too vulgar a nature for the Museum.*

"J. M. to Emma,"—"Lines written on reading 'Woman's hard Fate,"—"Strephon and Susan,"—"Wit and Beauty,"—"The Anchorite's Invitation,"—"The Traveller,"—*and* "The Shepherd's Death," *shall appear next month.*

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